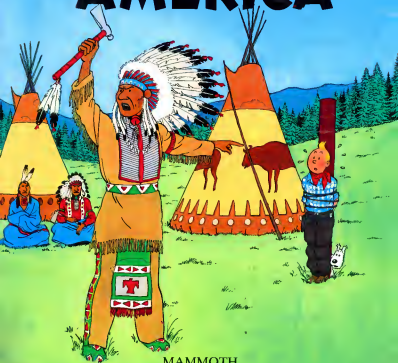


- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

TINTIN IN AMERICA



MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN IN AMERICA



Read more FREE comics on [ReadComicOnline](http://ReadComicOnline.net)

Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

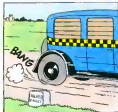
All rights reserved under international
and Pan-American Copyright Conventions.
No portion of this work may be reproduced by any process
without the publisher's written permission.
Artwork copyright © 1946 by Eilertus Costerman, Toronto.
Copyright © renewed 1975 by Costerman.
Library of Congress Catalogue Card Numbers: Alder 1507 and R 558546.
Twd © 1978 by Eglarant Children's Books Ltd.
First published in Great Britain in 1975.
Magnet edition first published in 1979 by Methuen Children's Books Ltd.
Reprinted nine times.
Revised 1999 by Merrin Roth,
an imprint of Eglarant Children's Books Limited,
238 Kensington High Street, London W8 6SA.

Reprinted 1999, 1999, 1999 (twice), 1999, 1999 (twice), 1999, 1999, 1999, 2001

Printed in Belgium by Costerman Printers s.n., Turnhout.
ISBN 0-7457-6230-0

TINTIN IN AMERICA







Quick, all into the car!
After him!



Here, take my gun...



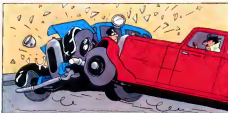
We're approaching the city...
Don't lose sight of him...



If Butch isn't on the lookout
with his car, I'm a dead duck!



Oh, let her go!



A car driven by the cops
but side on by another car...

Say, what
a mess!



Gee! The poor kid...

He looks so young...









Holy water! ... A real little tough guy! ... He knocked out the boss, and Pietro too!



Good, he's gone! ... I want take care of the other two before he comes back.



Whoops! There's one ...



...and now the other ... Both securely tied ... The third man will be along soon ... Ah, I can hear him ... he's coming back ...



Where the heck can he be hiding?



That puts paid to gangster number three. Now for the police ...



Quick, officer, I've just caught Al Capone himself and two of his gangsters!



Sarge? ... Send a car along. I just picked up a nutcase. Think he's captured Al Capone and a couple of his boys.





...So along comes this chap and
warns the others. I tried to stop him...
But even Snowy the Champ knows
when his location is four to two,
so I hoped it. I picked up the
Tintin trail, and here
we are!

You're a brave
fellow, Snowy...
and clever!

The hotel at last... We should
have been here days ago.

Golly!
It's a
palace!

Ah, there you are Mr Tintin...
We feared we weren't going
to see you. But we kept
your reservation...

Thank you, I'd have
been here sooner,
but I was delayed.

Aha! He's arrived. I must tell the
boss right away!

You're on the thirty-seventh
floor, sir.

Good!

This is your room,
Mr Tintin.

Thanks.

Hello?... A letter for me?

Tintin:
I'm warning you one
last time. There's a
train to New York in
the morning at 11.55.
Be on it. Then take a
boat to Europe.
Quit Chicago by noon
tomorrow, or your life
won't be worth a plug
nickel...

That, Mr. Al Capone, is what
I think of your threats.

Bully us, and
we'll chew
you to pulp!

Next day, at 11.55 a.m. ...

RRRING
RRRING

Hello?... Hello?...
Hello?... Hello?...

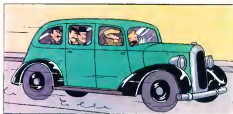
Someone
waking me?

Hello... Hello??...

So far so good!... He was
so busy with the phone
he didn't hear me
coming in.

That's odd... they hung up. A
wrong number, maybe... Yet someone
was whispering at the other end.





My dear Mr Tinbre, this is a pleasure!
I'm glad to meet you. Do please
sit down... Have a cigar?... No?...
Then I'll come straight to the
point....



I'm Bobby Smiles, boss of the
rival gangs fighting Al Capone
and his mob. I'm hiring you
at \$2000 a month to help me
bring him down. If you rub
Capone out yourself, there's a
bonus of twenty grand. Agreed?...
Here's your contract. Sign there.



Get your hands up, you crook!...
And I'll take care of that paper...
Just remember, I came to
Chicago to clean the place up,
not to become a gangster's
sledge!



So I'll make a start by arresting
you!



Marvelous little gadget, just
under my foot!



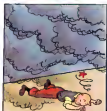
I've been bricked...and
now I'm trapped!...
Ugh! Smoke!... What
a peculiar smell...
It's like...



Help! It's gas!...
They mean to kill me
... Quick, my
howlkerchief!



Ugh!... I'm
dying for!... I'm
choking...
My lungs...they're
burning...



There he is, Nick!... O K22 gun
sure does knock 'em out!



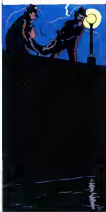
To the waterfront, fast. Lake
Michigan for him!



No one here. All clear, Nick,
bring him along!



Give him a swing! ... One...
two...



Three!



That's taken care of him.
Let's go!



Alcatraz!! Go right back where you came
from! You need the wrong guy!... You gave
him 24, sleeping-gas... Cold water will
wake him up. Go and finish him off!



If you see him, don't
mess, huh?

Quit
worrying!



Watch for it,
pale!





How about that, Sweeney? Wasn't I right to keep away from the windows? Those dumplings I used are peppered with holes... custom-made colanders!

Dead right!... It strikes me... Wouldn't it be a good idea... if those dumplings did the whole job, instead of us?



How they think they're disposed of and, I'm going to arrange a little surprise for our gangster pals...



Using dumplings again... I hope!

Next morning...

Listen, Bobby. I just heard the Egghead mob are doing a job this afternoon, running a load of whiskey, hidden in gasoline drums. How's about it?

Simple!... We grab it!



I've got a hunch there'll be a reception committee!



There! What did I tell you?



OK, come on out! Make it snappy...and no tricks...

Roach for the sky!



Hands up!! ...

Get 'em up!!

You did a first job, Mr Timon
... a first job!
Thanks to you, we've
landed a really big fish.
! ...



Hey! What's that?



See ya, fellas!



Suffering catfish! Getting
away under my very nose!
And Bobby Simles too, the
big boss!



Don't worry, I'll
bring Bobby Simles
to justice!

A few days later ...

These two telegrams are about
Bobby Simles. They say he's
been seen in Redskin City, a
small place near the Indian
Reservations. Come on Sunday:
it's Redskin City for us!



But ... but ... You don't
really want us to
go into Indian
country, do you Timon?



Two whole days on the train!
Oh well, we're here at last, and
that's what matters!



Just look, Snowy ...
A real Red Indian.



I have a feeling we look a bit out
of place here, Snowy ...



You wait there, I'm going
to buy an outfit.



Redskin dogs!
OK, so I'm a
paleface ...
Haven't you red-
skins ever seen
one before?

It's the very latest fashion ... cartridge
belt slung to the right ... Last winter's
models,
all to the
left ...



Good. Just what I want!





Ha! Ha! ha! That'll teach you to play cowboys! By the time he's managed to untangle himself I'll be far away!



Sing Sing!... Redskins! How do I talk myself out of this one?



How! Mighty Sackem, I come in peace!

How, Paleface! What brings white men to hunting grounds of Blackfeet?



Mighty Sackem, I come to warn you. A young white warrior is riding this way. His heart is full of hate and his courage is forged! Beware of him, for he seeks to steal the hunting grounds of the noble Blackfeet. I have spoken!...

Hear me, brave Blackfeet! A young Paleface approaches. He seems, by trickery, to steal our hunting grounds!... May Great Manitou fill our hearts with hate and strengthen our arms!... Let us raise the tomahawk against this miserable Paleface with the heart of a prairie dog!



As for Paleface-with-eyes-of-the-Moon, he has warned us of danger that hangs over our heads, and will soon come upon Blackfeet. May Great Manitou send blessings upon him!

Now let us raise the tomahawk!

Big Chief into day well...

Pipe of peace! I can't remember where in the world we heard the hushyest when we finished our last bit of fighting...



We've lost valuable time unravelling ourselves. It'll soon be dark now. Snowing, so we'd better pitch camp for the night and trail again in the morning.



We'll stop here...



Tomorrow morning we'll set off at sunrise... I'm determined this creek won't escape us again.



Just my luck! ... Timbri will be here in the morning, and I'll have to skedaddle... They're going to find that tomahawk if it's the last thing they do!



Wake, wake, Snows!
On the road again!



Well, Dad?

Alas, Blackfoot still cannot find their tomahawk... It is lost!



What then?

What then? ... It is quite simple: Blackfoot certainly cannot make war on Paleface. No tomahawk, no war!



Alas, and Sing Sing! ... Double ridiculous war's fight... I've gotta get out of here!



The tomahawk!



Our tomahawk is found!
Great Manitou wants war!



Great Manitou! Great Manitou!
Give victory to your warriors!



Away! ... To the horses! ... Death to the Paleface!





Hello, here come the Indians... I tell you Snowy, if I didn't know the Redskins are peaceful nowadays, I'd be feeling a lot less sure of myself!



Well, I've seemed to double!

What's all this?... It's an odd sort of way to welcome a stranger!



Wow! They've gone! Scared us out of my wits!



Snowy, that was disgraceful! You scared even Tintin!



Really, what curious customs you have!

Truly, Paleface does not have stomach of a square. He swells and is calm.

But we see what he does later!



That is Snowy... You've got a yellow streak. For all you know, Tintin's in danger...



Hear, O Paleface, the words of Great Buckeye... You have come among Blackfoot people with hearts full of bric-a-brac and hair, like a swarming dog. But now you are tied to torture stake. You shall pay Blackfoot for your treachery by suffering long. I have spoken!

What sort of talk is that?



Now, let my young braves practice their skills upon this Paleface with his god of a coyote! Make him suffer long before you send him to land of his forefathers!

But, he's crazy!

You speak well, O Buckeye!





Sachem, this little job's done for enough! Untie these ropes and let me go!



This Flatfoot commands us! ... By Great Manitou, shall Blackfoot be ordered about like dogs? The Flatfoot shall die! I have spoken!



Recall! That's an idea!



PLOP



Oho! A catapult!

It worked!

Take that, pesky little parsons! ... Shooting at me with a catapult! Do that again, and I'll have your scalp!



What a nerve! Brawling like this, to Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole, the Great Sachem himself! Nasty Prax!



Keep out of my sight for three moons, or else ...

They shouldn't let parsons play with catapult ...



PLOP

By Great Wacandah! ... You too! You dare show disrespect to Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole!



Me? ...



You! ... You!



Sachem! You strike my brother! Brawling - Brawl, he is innocent ... He do no wrong!



Browning-Brown's brother, he dare to strike Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole! ... Death, I say! Death to Bull's-Eye, Browning-Brown's brother!



Death to cowardly dogs who dare to attack Bull's-Eye because he defend his brother, Browning-Brown, unjustly beaten by Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole!



Splendid! Splendid! Let these fight. Meanwhile, let me get these ropes untied...



There! That's freed my hands. Now for my feet. Good... Move!



Now, who turned the Blackfeet against me? I must find that out... What about the dog-eater I've clawed? Was it him?



They've stopped yelling and shouting, so the tortures must be over. I'll go and see...



Alcatraz! ... Over there! ... He's capturing! ... Knapked out the whole tribe! ... It's impossible! ... What a kid!



Help! ... They're on my tracks!



I can hear shooting ... I hope nothing's happened to Tintin!



No, it isn't the Indians! It's Bobby Dewpe! ... I realize Knap knows it! Now I understand why the Indians were so hostile towards me...



Sneaky! ... He's taking aim again!



BANG

Alcatraz! ... What a drip! ... The canyon goes down hundreds of feet ... I can scarcely see the bottom...



Quick! Quick! I must save Timmy!



That'll teach you, smartaleke! Meddling little bumberry! ... I've got you out of my hair for good.

What's he looking at? ... Surely it can't be ... Timmy's fallen over that precipice...



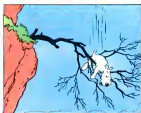
And now, back to Chicago.



Woah! ... Woah! ... Woah!



It's that droll dog of Timmy's! ... OK, he can follow his owner!



Holla, Snuggly! We both seem to have climbed by the same route!



I fell into space, like you. It was fantastic ... there was this bush, and I fell right into it. It bent and dropped me on this ledge. So here I am, safe and sound, instead of smashed to bits in the canyon.



Golly, what a stroke of luck!

Still, we're only safe for the time being ... I can't see any possible way of escape from here!



What are you sniffing at there, Snowy? ... Have you found something? ...



Good snowlow! ... Amazing! ... It looks like some sort of cave ... Why don't we see if it leads anywhere?



Here goes!



Where are we?

Careful, Snowy! ... Don't take any chances!



It's heading upwards more and more ...



Where are we going to come out?



Look! A huge gallery, decorated with Indian paintings ...



The Blackfeet probably hid in this cave when they were being hunted by their enemies.



This is the other exit ...



Still going upwards! ... Where can this tunnel be leading?



Ah, now it's starting to go down ...



Then it's taking us up again, slowly ...



I've got shot of this no-good reporter at last! Now, before I hit the trail again, I'll have some food ... Too bad you're missing this, Tintin!



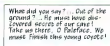
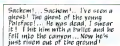
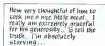
Hey, what goes on around here? Must be an earthquake! The ground's shaking under me ...



?



Wow! What a night!



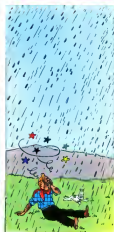




Come on, Snowy, this won't do. We absolutely must get out of here... To work, boys! Let's try to dig another pit...



That's it... Slowly but surely, we're making progress... We'll get there, Snowy, you'll see. Come on, smaller little efforts... Hello, the soil feels damp...



Great shakes! ...OIL! ...
A liquid fortune, and no
pep to harness it!

Golly! And
there's me,
thinking that
oil came out
of a can!

O.K., now! Here's the contract. Sign there!
Five thousand dollars for your oil well!...

H-h-how did you know there was
an oil well here? ... It's been
there ten minutes since it blew ...

Know-how, money boy!
Unearthing American know-
how!
Never Fails!

You'll listen to that croak! ... Sign
here! Ten thousand dollars for
your oil well!...

Hey, buddy! Don't you sign!
I'm offering twenty-five grand!

I'm terribly sorry, gentlemen, but
that oil well can't seem to sell. It
belongs to the Blackfoot Indians
who live in this part of the
country ...

Why didn't you
say that
before?

Here, Hawah! Twenty-
five dollars, and half an
hour to pack your bags
and quit the territory!

How Paleface
gone mad?

An hour later...

Two hours later...

Three hours later...

The next morning...

What're all
the fuss?

Hey, you! Don't you know fancy dress is forbidden
in town? ... And keep out of the way of the
traffic! ... Where'd you think you are, anyway?...
The Wild West
or something?

Out of luck again! With all that belly-ache, Bobby Swirles managed to save us the trip... How can I possibly find him again now?



CHUFF
CHUFF
CHUFF

Here we are like a couple of nobs watching the trains go by...



Almonds spotted me! I think he spotted me!



There he is!

Station-master! Station-master! What time does the next train leave?

Next train, huh?...
Theorow...
Same time...



Beaten! He's defeated me again! ... Unless...



Hey! ... Look! ... Over there!

Jumping Jehosophat! My train's driving herself!



So long, folks! We'll send you a nice postcard!

Terribly sorry!... I'm only borrowing it! ...



Hooray! We're catching up! I can see smoke from the other train...



Help! ... Black pig-five two! ... There's a loco running crazy on the track. You ... She won't overtake the Flyer ... Switch her to the number seven ...



Right you are, boss! Count on me!



Phew! Just in time! Here comes the Flyer ... with the runaway train on her tail ...



Drat! We've been switched to another track ...



Quick, stop the engine, and back up. We'll move her on the right track ...



That's better! The brake lever's jammed. Now I understand. The engine was in for repairs!



Only one way to clear this hot track, Jim, and that's dynamite. We got plenty of time. Next train won't be coming through till tomorrow morning ...



Sure was lucky we found this old boulder on the track, Slim. Just imagine if the Flyer was to hit it in the morning! ... Brother, what a wreck! Fair makes my blood freeze!

Slim! ... Train a cow! ... Back! Light the fuse or she'll smash into the rock ...



Help! We're done for! ... A huge boulder on the track!



Boy, that sure was close! The dynamite went up in the nick of time! Two seconds later, and she'd have been blown to glory!



Leapers! Leapers, Jim! ... The trolley with our tools and the spare sticks of dynamite ... It's there, half a mile down the track! ... She's done for, she's a goner!



This is our lucky day, Snowy, and no mistake ...



This is awful!... Awful!



What a disaster!
What a disaster!
Crow must be responsible
to disfigure me!



Say, Joe! This is the
only piece left!
Bare is grimy!



Joe! Terrible!



Horrible!



Hey!



Where's my dog?

Your dog? Can't
tell you, son.
We ain't found
nuttin'...

Pardon me, sir.
Can you direct
me to my
wagon?



We must look! Snowy
can't have vanished...
He simply can't...



I've searched
everywhere already...

Snowy! At last! There you are, my old
friend! This time I really thought you'd
gone for good!



You can take my word, Timkin, it
hasn't been much of a picnic
stuck under that coal-scuttle...

Hey, you plannin' on leavin'?...
You can't light out jes' like that...



I'm sorry I have to go
right away... It's import-
ant... I'm on the track
of a dangerous outlaw...

Now then, off we go. With the supplies these good fellows gave us, I'm not worried about facing the desert ...



In a small town, some make money ...



Yeah, that's all I know ... When I came into the bank this morning, like I always do, there was the money, and the safe wide open ... I reached the alarm, and so changed a few folks right away ... but the thief got clear ...



After the robbery he got away through the window. ... Say, look at his footprints ... a dead giveaway ... See that: just one row of prints on the right foot ...



With tracks like that, we'll never catch him!



Madre de Dios! These footprints, they give me away pronto, pronto. What to do?



Caravana! Un hombre ... Que! ... Eso sleeping! ... Bueno, bueno! ... Padre, he check, he has a really really good idea!



If he wakes, if he moves, I shoot him ...



Ease down! ... Now, Padre has have to worry any more ...



Amash!... Up we get! Sidewalk finished
Come on Snowy - on our way...



Hello! What an extraordinary thing.
These aren't my boots. They have nails,
and spurs as well... How very
peculiar... I can't understand it...



It's really quite extra-
ordinary...



Look at these tracks... I'd say he was
trying to disguise them... But he
can't fool me!... We'll soon catch
up with him!



Extraordinary...



Stop!



OK, buddy... You're under
arrest!



But why? I protest!...

You protest, huh? What about
the Old West Bank?... And the
outlaw?... And the loot?



We'll be back in town by dark...



They're back!... They're back! They
got the bank-robbin'!

String him up!...



Nothing we can do, friend...
It's a lynch mob!...





That time, buddy, when
you'll gonna be so handsome!
I got my reputation to
think of!



Yippee! He rode out like a
light ...
Saved! ... They've
given up the
chase ...



It's growing dark now. We'll camp
here for the night, Sunday, and
make a fresh start in the morning.





Well, well! I'm glad to have spared you a longer search... By the way, I was planning to wreck the Flyer... A cool half million bucks in the mail coach... But on second thoughts, I won't bother...



No, I won't bother, I'd rather let the train go on its way. Big of me, isn't it? But naturally, I'll see you again, naturally on the track first...



Victious little mutt... like his master!



Well done, Jake... As you see, Mister Smartsybits, he knows how to use a rope...



Go long, pal!... You have just fifteen minutes... to think about what happens to clever little guys who try to put the shade under Bobby Switzer!



I'm done for! That fellow knows his job: those knots are like iron. Tinker, my friend, this time you're finished!





What's going on?... Someone pulled the alarm ...

Yes, it was me! ... It is a disgrace! ... I saw a steam attacking a deer. As a member of the American Association of Animal Admirers I positively insist that you do something ... right now!



What? Lady, you stopped the Tiger for that? ... Fifty dollars fine!



I'm sure I heard a whistle ... So I can't be dead ...



Now what's the matter? I heard someone yelling...



Considering wheelchairs! You sure can thank your stars!



And now! If you hadn't stopped... I'd be playing a harp by now!



Next morning...

Now, let's have a look at the news... They should surely have found his body by now...



MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

FAMED BOY REPORTER
CHEATS GANGLAND KILLER

From our Railroad Correspondent



Our dear Bobby Swizzle will have quite a surprise when we reappear!



Oh, we're coming to the mountains...



Still a good fresh trail... quite recent

There's a cabin up there... Can that be it?... What a superb hideout: a real eagle's nest...



Have we got to climb right up there?



Aha! There he is! ... Still on my tail! ... Your word, that suits me fine!



We don't often go climbing... Good practice for us, Snowy!



You know, Tintin, some people do this for fun!



Well a mischief... He's very nearly there... Now for the big laugh...



Get... two... three! ... Up she goes! ... And this, Tintin, is one story you won't write!



Great snakes! He's got us! We're triggered off a rockfall! ... We're done for this time, Snowy!

I had to blow up half the mountain, but, boy, it did the trick!



Tixtin, my dear departed friend, here's a to you!



And to you, too!



Back from the dead!



Back from the dead, indeed! If I hadn't been obstructed by an overhanging rock...



...I'd be dead as a doornail!



Well, better late than never!



Believe me, it's far better to give in. As you see, I always get there in the end.



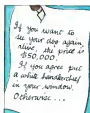
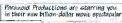
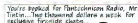
Three days later, in Chicago...

Hello? ...Yeah? ...Chief of Police? That's me! ...Tixtin? Nope! Not a squeak. Being gone a long while now... Trouble?... Sure is! ...Nope... Ain't heard a word...



Come in!





Hello, hello! Reception? ... This is Tintin! ... My dog's been kidnapped! ... Yes, Gdwy! Don't let anyone leave the hotel! ... What? ... Your lower detective? ... Good ...

What can I do? What can I do? ... If I refuse, Gdwy dies! But given to throbate? Never! ... So, what can I do? ... What? ... What? ...

RAT
TAT
TAT
TAT

Come in!

You're Tintin? ... OH ... Someone took your dog. Random. You're stuck huh? Right, isn't it? ... Good ... See? Nobody can fooling for instant, no sir! ... Let me introduce self! Mike Nachkane, hotel detective!

Hi-how do you do?

Mind if I begin detecting?

Right, here's the picture ... Your dog's asleep. Someone comes in. Colors! forced the peck. Put him in a sack ... the kidnapper is thirty-three years and six months old. Speaks English with an Eskimo accent. Smokes "Paper Dolls" cigarettes. Wears an undershirt and has matching garters ... Easily identified by a tattoo-mark on his left shoulder-blade ...

The kidnapper has a slight limp with the right foot, cut himself shaving a corn the day before yesterday. And one more detail: shares in his sleep ... When I tell you, sir, his grandfather was scalped by the Sioux forty years ago, and he has a profound dislike for birdnest soup. You know everything. I've escaped from a quick look round.

I'll be back within the hour ... with your dog, of course.

What powers of deduction! ... And what accuracy! ... A real Sherlock Holmes! I really didn't think detectives like that existed, except in books!

An hour later ...

Come in!

Hey presto! ... Your dog!

Monsieur! ... You! ... You stole my little Fritzy!

Dupkin! The good lady certainly didn't open the door!



The good lady?... What's all this about a good lady?... The attacker, sir, hit me over the head with a Japanese club. It was a man, twenty-two years old, with two black teeth missing. Wore rubber-soled shoes and is a regular reader of the "Saturday Evening Post!"



Sure I'm sure! This time he won't escape me. You'll have your dog back within the hour!



Solving this case, sir, is the best job I ever did. You lost a dog? ...One single dog?



Well done. Thank you very much. But we've already spent enough time getting someone. I think I'll continue the case myself.



Chicago Tribune!... New York Herald!... Only News!



Aha! The white handkerchief in the window... He's gonna pay up!



Give me a Tribune, a Times, a Herald, a News and a Globe... she let!



Still nothing in the papers... That's good: means he hasn't called 'in the cops'!





All the noise, I'm
going to keep an
eye on the building
...



Careful... That's him
coming out... (sneak
breath)... Look, that parcel
...



It's Garry! I know
it is!



He's hitting him!... I must
do something!



If I dash round
the block, I can
be in wait on the
corner...



A stick!... That's
lucky! Just what
I need right now...



Soundy... Cool, snik
and collected... He's
coming...



Oops!... Garry!

Gee, what's going on?
If I've been around
here I'll be picked up for
sure!... Beat it, Bugles
boy!



Onky, what a bloomer!...
I'd better get out, and
fast!... I'm in deep
trouble if I'm caught!



You there! You you, baby-face! Come with me!



Here he is, sir! Little hoodlum!



Name and occupation?



You have to pardon me, Mr. Trapin, for keeping you so long...



The trouble is, now I've lost track of the kidnapper. I'd better go back to the place I last saw him and try to pick up the trail.



This is where I hit that poor policeman by mistake... Let's see, I recall this is the way he went...



Excuse me, officer, but have you by any chance seen a man in a cloth cap, with a large parcel under his arm? Somewhere here about an hour ago?



Yeah, I noticed the guy. Came past here. Then over there, on the corner, he got into a red sedan... seemed to be waiting for him. They took off in the direction of Silvermount.



A red sedan? A red sedan just came out of those gates...







At least a dozen of them
after us. I can hear
their footsteps
already



I don't
fancy being
in their
clutches
again ...

KEEP

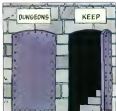
DUNG



Take care you don't
go through the wrong
door, Timble!

DUNGEONS

KEEP



He went the way ... Look, he left
the door open ...



Dumb luck! He's hiding
in the keep ... No way
out, we've got him cornered
at last!

Sell! Shut
your trap!



There! All gone
in! Full house!



What about that, oh Sidney?
No one noticed the signs had
been switched ... So now we
lock them all in the keep



Nice bit of
work!

Now that bunch
are under lock
and key, we
must take care
of the other
three.



Half an hour! It's half an hour
since they left, and not one
single sound have I heard
It's positively creepy ...



Handle up!



What the ... ? Timble! ... But
what's he done with my fifteen
bodyguards? ... Gosh, I can't
worry about them now.
I must save my self!



OH!

He! he! he!
Sorry I can't
stay!



Next morning ...

... Number one reporter Tutin straightaway again with a gang of dangerous crooks headed over to the police ... a kidney syndicate hunted by the the young sleuth. The cops also noted an important haul of confidential files. Still as large as the gang's membership, now the object of intense police activity ...



The object of intense police activity! ... Not just that! ... The "object" is going to show what he thinks of your activities ... He's got another card up his sleeve! ... Hello? ... Maurice? ... Yes, it's me ... You still with Grynde?



Next morning ...

THE DIRECTORS OF
GRYNDE
HAVE PLEASURE IN INVITING
... Mr. Tutin ...
TO VISIT
THEIR NEW PLANT

Well, well! An invitation to see the Grynde cannery. That should be extremely interesting. I think I'll go ...

Correction!
We'll go,
you idiot!



An obvious measure to beat the depression ... We do it deal with the automobile plants. They send us scrap cars and we convert them into top-grade corned-beef cans. We reciprocate by collecting old corned-beef cans and we ship them to the car producers for reprocessing into super-sport automobiles ...



You see this huge machine?
Here's how it works. The cattle go in here on a conveyor belt, how is that ...



And come out the other end as corned-beef, or sausages, or cooking fat, or whatever. It's completely automatic ...



Now, you keep right behind me and I'll show you how the processor works ...



If you fell in there you'd be crushed in a snap by those powerful gryndes ... Look, down there, below you ...

That'd be no joke!



Ha! ha! ha! ha!





Ha! ha! ha! Calls himself a reporter ... and falls for that old gag! ... The boss will be tickled pink!



Hello? ... Yes. Ah, Maurice ... You fixed it? ... Good ... Excellent! ... What? ... Corred-keef? ... You're a genius! ... How much? ... Five thousand dollars? ... Of course, right away!



Poor old Bryndle! If he had the remotest idea ... Some of the things that go into his products ...



What are you lurching doing, huh? ... You guys got no work to do? ... And who told you to stop the machines? ... What is going on around here?



What is going on? ... A strike, buddy, that's what! ... The boss cut the cash we get for bringing in the dogs and cats and rats they use to make salami ... So we did ... Got it?



Turnin'!? ... Jeezere creepin'! ... A strike! ... Surely it didn't start too soon? ... The boss? What'll he say?



Heavens, what an escape! We're all in one piece ... If that machine hadn't stopped suddenly we'd be coming out of here in neat little cans!



Oh, my good sir! What a relief! There you are, safe and sound! I stopped the machine right away, but oh, how I suffered in those terrible minutes!



... believe me, dear Mr. Turtin, I most bitterly regret this dreadful accident you have, all too literally, had an inside view of our business ...



It looks pretty pleasant to me ... The invitation, the over-friendly manager, and then that peculiar accident ...

A neeby piece of work, our Mr. Meatball!



Yes, it's me, boss ... Wrip back to wherp we started ... While I was calling you a strike blow up and they stopped the machines ... I'm afraid so ... Alive and kicking ... But ... What could I do? ... I ...



Bumping jackses! ... Got the job stuff! You don't let a chance like that slip! ... Sure! sure! At least I'll know in future that I can't rely on you! That's all ... As for the five thousand dollars ... Forget it!

But hang ... Don't hang
up, boss ... ? ... Hello ?
... Hello ? ... Heck ! ...
We'll hang up on you !

Also! Just as well I slipped back. You hear some interesting things around here!

View on this document:

Hello? Yes? You again, Maurice?
 ... Now what do you want?
 Oh? ... Oh! ... Good ... That's
 very good! We'll do. That's
 really great ... I'll be there in
 five minutes ... Be across you Maurice

Now what
is happening
at?

Mr Maurice Cole, please.

Mr Dyer is expected to

Es la más clara manera de

What? ... Are you joking? ...
You say you didn't call? ... You
aren't playing me for a sucker,
by any chance? ... Well ... Are
you?

Giddy! What a market in there... Timber's phone call did the trick!

Dick: "That'll teach you not to play around with me!"

It's a mistake to leave your pet all by himself about, my dear chair!

10

A mistake? "You think so?"
— Not really. That girl's
crazy.

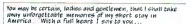
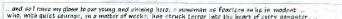
This is a far more effective weapon, my trusty sword-slick...

...and it's going to put a stop to your nasty habit of meddling in things that don't concern you... It's going to cure you... permanently!



Here's certainly
got a
point!









Golly! ...
It's fantastic!
... Incredible!



Goats, Gnoxy! ... I must say,
I never thought I'd see you
again...



Look out!
Gnoxy's on a rowing...



Ha! Ha! ha! ... Hi! How ya
doing, Mister
Tintin?



You carried out my orders OK, Sam?

Yeah, boss. The
dumb-balls are
ready.



My clever little friend, I've
got a surprise for you. We're
going to play the dumb-
ball to your leg. Of
course, it won't be all
that easy to walk
dropping this big
thing on you, but play
... ha! ha! ha! ...
you won't need
to walk...



Ha! You'll need to swim! ... Yeah! ... Ha! ha!
ha! ... Great joke, huh? ... See this
trapdoor? ... Down there, that's
Lake Michigan ... Got it? ... Ha! ha!
ha! ... Forty first to the bottom!
... And we're gonna see if you
can swim to the surface ...
You ... and your dumb-balls
... of course!



As for these wacky little words, he
can go with you. Maybe he can
give you a hand ...
Ha! ha! ha!



Goodbye,
Gnoxy!



Happy
landings!



And finish my report to our Assoc-
iation's members - I certify that in
my presence Tintin the reporter
was thrown into Lake Michi-
gan with four hundred
pounds weight on his feet
... OK ... Roll off ten
thousand copies!



Ladies and gentlemen! It is my privilege and pleasure to present the strongest man in the world... I give you the Great Bolivar!... Mr Billy Bolivar... Before your very eyes he will perform amazing feats of strength...



The single-handed snatch, the specialty of the Great Bolivar... Mr Billy Bolivar... The lift with a laugh!... Right, Mr Bolivar!



What sort of stunt is this, huh?



This make any sense to you, Timon?



Hard a'port, Dick!... Something floating on the water over there ...



Jeezere!... Fantastic!... Just take a look at that... A feller hooked to a dumb-bell... and he's floating!



Quick, officer, we need reinforcements!... I was dumped in the water by gangsters. I know their hideout. We must arrest them right away!





Sensational developments in the Tintin story!... The famous and friendly reporter re-appears! Tintin, missing some days back from a banquet in his honour, had police to the lookout of the Central Syndicate of Chicago Gangsters. Apprehended with 355 suspects, and police collected hundreds of documents, expected to lead to many more arrests... This is a major clean-up for the city of Chicago... Mr Tintin admitted that the gangsters had been ruthless, expensive, cruel and desperate men. More than once he nearly lost his life in the heat of his fight against crime... Today is his day of glory. We know that every American will wish to show his gratitude, and honour Tintin the reporter and his faithful companion Snowy, heroes who put out of action the bosses of Chicago's underworld!



After a full round of celebrations, Tintin and Snowy embark for Europe...



				
		<p>HERGÉ'S ADVENTURES OF TINTIN Collected all 21 of these adventures!</p> <p>ALSO BY HERGÉ</p> <p>The Adventures of Jo, Zette & Jocko: The Valley of the Cobras Mr Pump's Legacy Destination New York</p> <p>The Making of Tintin The Making of Tintin in the World of the Inca The Making of Tintin Mission to the Moon The Tintin Games Book Tintin and the Lake of Sharks</p> <p>Tintin Adventures 3-in-1 volumes The Tintin Poster Book Tintin and the World of Hergé by Benoît Peeters</p>		
				
		 ISBN: 0-7447-0230-5  9 780749 702304		
				

Also in this series: a Tintin film book based on the characters created by Hergé: **TINTIN AND THE LAKE OF SHARKS**